On Kingston Bridge.

BY ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

On All Souls' Night the dead walk on Kingston Bridge.—[Old Legend.

On Kingston Bridge the starlight shone
Through hurrying mists with shrouded glow;
The boding night-wind made its moan,
The mighty river crept below;
'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years—
Their hate was once too deep for fears;
One drew his rapier as he came—
Up leapt his anger like a flame;
With clash of mail he faced his foe,
And bade him stand and meet him so.
He felt a grave-yard wind go by—
Cold, cold as was his enemy;
A stony horror held him fast,
The Dead looked with a ghastly stare,
And sighed, "I know thee not," and passed
Like to the mist and left him there
On Kingston Bridge.

'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years;
With grief that was too deep for tears
They parted last.
He clasped her hand, and in her eyes
He sought Love's rapturous surprise.
"O Sweet!" he cried, "hast thou come back
To say thou lov'st thy lover still?"
Into the starlight pale and cold
She gazed afar—her hand was chill.
"Dost thou remember how we kept
Our ardent vigils?—how we kissed?
Take thou these kisses as of old!"
An icy wind about him swept;
"I know thee not," she sighed, and passed
Into the dim and shrouding mist
On Kingston Bridge.

'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

—[The Century Mag.

PIONEER LIFE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY JENNIE JONES.

The events proved that he was not far from right. There were twenty-two men of the company, and of this number only three went to bed that night. The landlord found that he was not lord of his own house, but a prisoner at the bar, or rather in the bar from which he was called upon from time to time to dispense quantities of the "ardent," for these men believed that it was well to "keep the spirits up by pouring spirits down;" and by way of keeping up the spirits of the landlord one of the number sang songs to him the most of the night.

And yet these men were not what would now be called hard-drinkers. They were living fast and having a good time in their own way, as was the custom of the times in which they lived, when every man was "hail fellow, well met," with every other man, and no distinction of wealth or aristocracy had found their way to mar the harmony or check the mirth in these new settlements. There were many lonely hours, and many difficulties to overcome at times, and the general tenor of the times was apt to lead to excesses, but seldom to ill-feeling when abroad.

"That is bear meat," said a traveler at a dinner-table, pointing to a huge plate of bones.

Immediately a number of plates were filled with the expected luxury.

"Looks like beef," remarked one after surveying it.

"Tastes like beef," said another.

"I guess it *is* beef," said the first speaker.

"But I thought you said it was bear meat?"

"I said nothing of the kind, I only remarked that those bones were bare of meat."

There was the usual indignation over a bad pun, and silence reigned around that table for the space of a minute and a half.

Everybody knew Grace, the jolly landlord of Grand Rapids, and how a good joke would add a pound to his already four hundred pounds avoirdupois. Eggs were very scarce, and Grace had been around the country and collected up quite a supply. Stopping at a small tavern for dinner, he sold the landlady a few at thirty cents a dozen and was careful to collect his pay.

The common price for dinner and horses in the barn was twenty-five cents.

After the trade had been completed Grace preferred the request for a few eggs for his dinner, which was acceded to, and the eggs brought in were quickly dispatched, and more called for, until an even dozen had disappeared.

The twenty-five cent bill was paid, and though the landlady thought there must be a deficiency somewhere, the smiling face of Grace forbade the idea that he would be guilty of trickery.

The following anecdote was related by Hon. Wm. Welch, at an Old Settlers' meeting. It is too good to lose, so I will appropriate it:—

"Neither shall I tell how a well-to-do farmer of one of our early townships, when he came to the city upon a certain occasion, imbibed an inordinate amount of Goodhue's whisky, and took half a dozen dinners and half that number of suppers, making it a point to break for the dining-room at the tingle of the bell, and to eat at every straggling meal during the afternoon and evening; nor how, when presented with his bill of *nine meals for one day's board*, after sobering in the morning, he declared that he had not had altogether, one square meal, and was then hungry; nor how, for his frankness, he was given the bill receipted, and invited to come again an incident which traveled all over the country, and was told and re-told as a joke on landlord and guest, and may now be taken as an evidence that fare at public hotels, as well as at private houses was not always over-abundant."

THE OLD NIAGARA GONE.

The following communication to the Eau Claire *Free Press* relates to one of the first hotels built in that city:

"The Old Niagara is gone. It was among the first buildings erected in that city. Our thoughts go back to the time, which we well remember, when we first put our wandering feet on its doorstep. It was not finished yet, but was running as a hotel, boarding-house, etc.; that is, you could stay all night, or get board, or you could get drunk, all at the same price. Whisky, pork and beans for breakfast; pork, whisky and beans for dinner, etc., for the week's bill of fare. But it improved as time went on, and we well remember our boarding there afterward when there was less whisky and more victuals. We had made a contract with the landlord to board out some butter we had sold him, and were working out the contract. The landlord at the time was winding up his business, and we noticed as each boarder left that our sleep was more and more disturbed at night. Finally we were left alone, and had failed to get any sleep for the last eight or ten nights, and we thought we would look into the matter, when we learned to our surprise that as fast as each room became empty, all the bedbugs left for the next, and so on; and we found that we had been supplying the whole house for the past few days.—We remember well one morning when we were so weak we could hardly get down stairs; how we walked up to the landlord and told him we must give up that contract, it was too big for us, and how he smiled as we left to return no more. We have often wondered since that time what the programme was among those bugs after we left."

The foregoing rough sketch, it must be admitted is scarcely overdrawn. The fare was universally rough, as were the manners of the most who congregated around the social board. Nor were the bedbugs the only vermin of which the traveler had to complain. Lucky was he if he did not carry away in his clothing some of those crawling things whose name is never mentioned to ears polite. In summer no netting at doors or windows prevented swarms of mosquitoes from singing a lullaby song, but I have never heard of their soothing any one to slumber. Fleas filled up the intervals with their cheerful gambols. But all such annoyances were more frequently treated as a joke than a grievance, such was the merry spirit of the happy pioneer.

LUMBERING—A SKETCH BY NEAL BROWN.

Lumbering commenced on the Wisconsin river about thirty years ago. Most of the lumber is now shipped by railroad, but formerly it was floated in rafts to the Mississippi, much of it as far as St. Louis. The historical association of those times are full of rare interest. The wild and perilous life of logging and rafting had a flavor peculiarly its own, something like that led by the western argonauts, who delved in the golden sands of California during its early history. Here as there, fortunes were made and lost in a day.—Destructive floods would strew the river with wrecked lumber, but no reverse of fortune can beggar the man of energy, and the early lumbermen accumulated wealth as rapidly as they lost it. Clad in the picturesque red flannel, men of culture and refinement hewed down the forests of pine during the long winters, and committing their harvests to the spring freshets, guided it along for hundreds of miles of perilous passage to market.—Hundreds of these men would gather at a rapids, waiting to take turns in rafting their lumber over, with the river covered with rafts for miles, and all hands shouting and swearing, and making a perfect pandemonium of noise.

In the social life of the people there was an absence of conventional and artificial rules, and frankness, energy and generosity were prevailing traits of character. Life in such forests as these could not but develop characteristics not found under the dwarfing and enervating influence of more conventional civilization.

It is a rare treat to sit down and beguile one of the oldest inhabitants into narrating incidents of pioneer life in the pineries. It is to be hoped that all this early history, and the character of those who frequented this country in those days will yet find a faithful historian in some western Bret Harte or Mark Twain It furnishes a rich field to the artist in character delineation. The romantic and varied experiences of the lumber argonauts, who toiled for gold in the rich forests of the North-Western pineries is as well worthy of perusal as that of their brethren of the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. The excitement and adventure of the one find a parallel in the other.

LUMBERING ON THE CHIPPEWA, WISCONSIN.

The death of Mr. Joseph Roberts aged eighty-two years, at Hubbardtown, Mich., calls out the following recollections of forty-two years ago:—

"In the winter of 1839, Silas Burt came from Wisconsin, where he was in the employ of the Prairie du Chein Fur Co., to Livingston Co., N. Y., after men to build a mill at the Falls of the Chippewa River, and came to Mr. Roberts to induce him to go. He asked for one week to decide, at the end of which time Mr. Burt returned, and was informed that he would go for twenty shillings ($2.50) a day from the time he left home, which was accepted.—He was told to hire twenty-one men, take charge of them, and go to Wisconsin."

The details of the journey through the eastern states are irrelevant, though in a degree interesting, until we find them in the Northwest. The narrative says:

"The next stop brought them to Galena, the last town on the journey. At this place and Dubuque the blacklegs were so thick, a man had to be on his guard all the time, and many doors to buildings were full of ball holes. At Prairie du Chein they found the great depot of the Northwest Fur Co. They remained here one day, and took on more provisions.—When they left here they left all civilization behind, and went into the Indian country, there being no white settlers above Prairie du Chein. They took on two Mackinaw boats to carry the freight up the Chippewa, and a half-breed Indian to pilot the steamer to the Chippewa, where they had to unload the steamer, which left them about dark. As there were many Indians about they had to watch the freight until morning, when they loaded one boat and put the rest of their freight into a warehouse, hiring a half-breed by the name of Rack to watch the warehouse, which was on the Minnesota side. They then boarded the other boat and crossed over into the Chippewa, when, with twelve men, and a half-breed for a guide, and their provisions on their backs, Mr. Roberts started on foot for the Falls. Mr. Brunet took the rest of the men to work the boats up the river. They had to make rafts to cross the river upon, and slept on the ground nights without any shelter. Game was plentiful, and they saw many deer and elk. On the way Mr. Roberts was taken sick and thought he would die. He was so blind that the men had to lead him. He took some medicine, and lay down and went to sleep, while the guide and two men went on to the Falls, a distance of six miles, where a Canadian Frenchman had been all winter making shingles, and getting out timber. They came down the river the next morning in a boat after him, bringing with them some "nicknacks," a pan of fat pork, and some bread they had made. As he felt much better, he got on the boat and rode awhile, and then walked the rest of the way. Found the Falls a dismal looking place, with only a shanty covered with dirt to live in.—Went to work and built a block-house 65 x20. Were short of provisions until the boat came. He immediately put the whipsaw going, cutting out lumber at the rate of 350 feet a day, and put up a carpenter shop and blacksmith shop, then took twelve men into the woods to get out timber for the mill, and set the rest of the men to work upon the mill-race 120 rods long, and 75 of it through solid rock, which kept them cannonading all summer, blasting it out. The mill-timbers were drawn to the river and floated down, and then drawn out for framing. About July 1st, a heavy rain with thunder and lightning commenced and continued for two days, which caused the river to raise so that they had to move out of the house and fasten all the buildings down with ropes and chains to trees, to keep them from floating away. The water was five feet deep in the warehouse, and all the provisions had to be loaded on a boat.

After the water went down, the mill, 65x40, was framed, and on the 4th of October the raising began. It was done with oxen and tackle, and took about a week. Winter set in about Nov. 1st, and during it he worked most of the time making gearing for the mill, and getting out timber for a double boom seventy-five rods long. About the middle of January the Fur Company made them a visit of about a week, bringing many presents and butter and cheese. One of the men, Enoch Dole, was taken sick in February, with quick consumption. They had to send eighty miles for medicine, and he died on the 5th of March, before the man got back with the medicine. They laid out a burying ground and buried him decently, and Mr. Roberts placed two grave stones at his grave.

The night that Dole died Roberts went out to cut some wood from a pole, which flew up and struck his leg, hurting it badly, it swelled and turned black, and for a week or so grew continually worse. A squaw came to the house and saw the condition of his leg, and said she could cure it. He offered her a silver dollar to do so. She went into the woods and gathered some bark and roots and boiled them in a kettle, put them into a tub, and had him place his leg in the tub, and covered it with a blanket and gave it a good steaming. She then broke off a piece of flint and lanced the leg in seventeen places, and a quantity of black blood came out, although he fainted during the operation, in three days he was able to go out to work again. As they were three hundred miles from a Post Office they did not hear from home very often.

About May 1st they got one saw going, and soon after a second one, their power being water with a fall of twenty-two feet. He built a shop at the end of the mill 20x 26, two stories high, a shingle machine, turning-lathe, and grindstone. Then built a store 18x30, and got everything in running order about June 12th. He then built a skiff, and taking one man with him bid farewell to Chippewa Falls. They lay on shore nights, camping among the bears and wolves, and on the fourth day arrived at Prairie du Chein, where Mr. Densman, the head of the Fur Company, settled with him, paying him $940, mostly in American half dollars."

LUMBERING IN MINNESOTA.

Minnesota, like Wisconsin, has rich lumber regions, but work was not begun as early there as in Wisconsin, nor attended with as many difficulties. It rather waited the advance of settlements, and was not as fruitful of wild pioneer incidents as were the pine forests of Wisconsin. Indians roamed the woods and were the friendly companions, and sometimes guides of the early Minnesota lumbermen. Sometimes the snow would be deep, and covered with a heavy crust. Game would be scarce, and the poor, half-starved Indian would be glad to beg a little provisions at the lumbermen's shanty, and, to their credit be it said, they were seldom refused, or turned away empty-handed.—But everything had to be closely guarded, for these same friendly Indians were inveterate pilferers, and would carry off whatever they could without detection.

Sometimes a horse or an ox belonging to the lumbermen would die, and if the Indians happened to be in destitute circumstances, they would carry it to their camps and feast on its carcass. And, for the benefit of science be it said, but few cases have been known where they were in the least injured by a feast on an animal, either horse or ox, that had died from disease.

Pine cut above the Falls of St. Anthony, and run down either in logs or rafts, before the present improvements on those rapids was attended with great difficulty and danger, and many sad cases of drowning at these Rapids might be mentioned.

The shanty of the Minnesota lumberman was a long building, built of rough logs, with a "shake" roof and "puncheon" floor, if indeed there was any floor whatever. At one end there was an open fire, and ranged around this were rough benches, on which the lumbermen sat or reclined when the day's work was done.—At the opposite end of the shanty was the cook's department. This was sometimes provided with a cook-stove, but more often with an open fireplace, with kettles, a tin oven for baking, etc. On either side of the room, ranged one above another, were the bunks, provided with woolen blankets, on which they slept at night without removing their clothing.

Sometimes, as in the driving season, a hundred men would gather at a single shanty where there were not accommodations for more than forty. The cook's skill in providing for their wants would be taxed to its utmost capacity, and for lack of sleeping-room the night was often passed in story and song.

Provisions had to be hauled long distances, and were not always of the best. There was hard work to be done, and privations to be endured, and there was excitement and novelty, but generally speaking, the life of the Minnesota pioneer lumberman was very like what it is at the present day.

INDIAN DESTITUTION.

The winter had been cold and severe. The snow was deep, and heavily encrusted. In our camp in the Minnesota woods the work of chopping, sawing and hauling went on as usual, for the lumbermen expect, and are prepared for all changes of weather.

Indians often came to our camp begging for food, and telling woeful tales of suffering and destitution at their camps. We did not give entire credence to these stories, for Indians are not always reliable, when on begging thoughts intent. But when a horse that had died at our camp had been carted away, was found to have been carried off almost entire, and moccasin tracks were found to be plenty around, a few of us, out of curiosity, thought we would make investigations.

Arrived at one wigwam, we found the Indians seated or lying contentedly around, smoking or dozing. A dinner was boiling over the fire, and a quantity of meat, which we knew by the size of the bones, and other marks to be the carcass of our dead horse, were hanging around. Noticing our glances in that direction, the Indians were profuse in their exclamations that it was "venison," with which they were so abundantly supplied.

We pursued our investigations further, and in so doing found destitution indeed, such as we had not dreamed of. We arrived at a lonely wigwam, where we found a squaw and two or three pappooses, and all had a starved, haggard look. There was also a young squaw in the last stage of consumption. We were told that all the food they had in camp was about a quart of rice, and that this must be kept for the sick squaw—that the braves had been absent three days hunting, but that they had been out many times during the winter without bringing back game—that two children had already died of starvation, and it did not seem that much more privation would be required to bring a like fate to the others.

When would the hunters return? Would they bring food, or would they return empty-handed? We did not wait for these questions to be answered, but returned to our camp, from which we sent a supply of our own food, sufficient for present necessities.

And that night we sat down and pondered over the woes of "Lo, the poor Indian."

THREE HUNDRED MILES TO A POST OFFICE

In these days of rapid transportation when a daily mail is called too slow, and the stage obsolete, it is difficult to conceive of the condition of the pioneer lumberman, in the depth of the pine woods, far removed from civilization, with a post office three hundred miles away. Yet such was the situation in which they were placed.

We will imagine a long line of "tote teams," (as the teams are called that haul supplies into the lumber woods,) leaving the camps, and the last injunction is—"Don't forget to bring my mail," or "Be sure and enquire if there are any letters for me." Days and perhaps weeks must elapse before these teams will return to camp. Deep buried in the pine-woods, shut out from all outward life, changes great and important go on unheeded, and unknown. Nations may war, rulers may die, panics, political discords, changes in office, all may occur, and all, after a time, lose their interest, so far removed do they seem, and belonging to such a different life. The interest of the lumberman becomes narrowed down to the circle of his own life, and that of his own family and friends—those who care enough for him to send him a letter now and then.

And these letters, and perhaps a few papers, with their month old news, are eagerly read and re-read with undiminished interest. There's the wife's letter to her husband, full of interesting accounts of home and its inmates. There is the mother's letter to her absent son, with its loving words of counsel and advice, and last, but not least, those world-over treasured missions the love-letters. And when these letters are received the breezes seem to hymn a softer song, the resinous pines to waft a sweeter odor, and all things to be pleasanter than before.

But if they fail to come. If the teamster whilst bringing freight of provisions and clothing to supply the bodily wants, has forgotten or neglected to bring this freight of love, if he has lost it on the way, or if, from other causes it fails to come, as he thinks of the many days that must elapse before another team will arrive from the outer world, how weary seems his work, how lonely the pine woods, and it will not be strange if homesickness takes possession of him as he thinks of his lonely life, so far from all that his heart holds dear, here amid the pine woods, and "three hundred miles from a post-office."

THE SPRING FRESHET.

The spring freshet, looked forward to by every lumberman as a necessity, was, in the early history of our lumbering, a matter of fear as well as of expectation. Even at the present day, when hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in the improvement of rivers, in the constructions of booms, reservoirs, etc., accidents are liable to occur in the running of logs and lumber in the early spring. What must it have been then? With too high a stage of water, or too sudden a break-up in the spring, the whole of the winter's cut would go down with a rush, resulting in loss and ruin to many a struggling lumberman. One season on the Chippewa will illustrate. Early in the spring, in March, I think, there were heavy rains, which caused a sudden break up in the river, instead of the usual slow process of thawing by the sun's rays. At first the water began to rise above the ice. Then huge pieces would break away and float down. These were soon followed by logs from above, and these mixed with the broken ice rushed down. Thicker and thicker came the logs, and we knew that the whole of the winter's cut was on the move. Huge jams would form. Logs and ice would form and pile themselves up higher than a house top, and after a while the jam would break with a heavy crash, and down they would rush with a noise like thunder, and a momentum that would have carried all obstacles before it. Crash! crash, roar and rush! Day and night, for three days and nights, still they came, until we begin to wonder if all the trees in the woods have not been transformed into logs, and are coming down. It scarcely seems possible that so many logs can have been cut in a single season.

About the close of the third day the river began to clear of logs and ice, and though still very high, and dashing along with foam-capped billows, the roar and rush had in a measure ceased, and although the stream was not quite clear of ice for several days, still the main body had gone down. A few of these logs were caught in the booms at Lake Pepin and other points but many of them, doubtless, floated out into the ocean and were lost to man. The most of the mills in the upper regions were destitute of logs that season, and were forced to remain idle, while a few had a supply of logs of the last season's cut, which furnished them with work. Some were ruined by the loss, but the genuine lumberman is not easily discouraged by misfortunes, and the majority of them went to work again with undiminished courage.

COURAGE OF THE PIONEER LUMBERMEN.

The following example is illustrative of the pluck and energy of the pioneer lumbermen of our Northwestern pineries:

Mr. Manahan had built a saw-mill on the Yellow River, a tributary of the Chippewa. Twice had he built a dam at great expense, and as often had a high water broken and washed it away. The third time it was built in a different way and at still greater expense, and this time it proved secure. The natives were troublesome, and somewhat to be feared, but they did no real damage. At length after unexpected delays, the mill was at last completed, and put in operation. The trouble with the dam, added to other delays, had exhausted all the means Mr. Manahan possessed, and he now found himself heavily in debt.

The mill was completed in the spring, and in June, had been in operation about a month, when one night it accidentally took fire, and was burned to the ground. The next morning, it being Sunday, the timbers were still smouldering, and the owner was out viewing the ruins. A raft's crew, who had spent the night near there, came over for the same purpose. The raft was composed of square timber, and when the crew went back, Mr. Manahan accompanied them, and in a short time a bargain was effected, and the raft became the property of Mr. Manahan. This was to be used in the frame-work of another mill, to take the place of the one destroyed by fire, and the next morning workmen were at work on its construction.

It was rushed through to completion, and got to work as speedily as possible.—But the accumulation of misfortunes was too much for the proprietor, and although he put forth every effort to retrieve his his losses, he was never quite successful, and the mill at last passed into other hands, and Mr. Manahan was obliged to seek his fortune elsewhere—a fate undeserved by one who had met misfortune with so much perseverance.

LUMBERMEN'S FARE.

The lumbermen's shanty has already been described—a few words with regard to their fare. Wm. H. Price, familiarly known as "Bill Price," a lumberman on the Black River, was wont to say that in supplying a lumber camp, in early times he usually sent in a bushel of beans and a barrel of whisky, and considered that sufficient for all purposes. Without accepting this statement as strictly true, it is not to be denied that these two articles, beans and whisky, were important articles in camp supplies. For the rest, the fare was the coarsest, and consisted principally of bread and meat; potatoes and other vegetables being out of the question on account of the difficulty of transportation.—But on this coarse, hearty fare, the lumberman lived and prospered, and performed feats of industry and endurance, which would seem well-nigh impossible to city born and bred laborers of the present day.

In sharp contrast to Price's statement was that of another lumberman, who said when employing his laborers: "Come on boys! Go with me! I always feed my men well. When loading up for the woods the first thing that I roll on my sled is a *box* of c-a n-n-e-d p-e-a-c-h-e-s," drawing out the words by way of emphasis, "the next thing I roll on my sled is a box c-o-v-e o-y-s-t-e-r-s," and so on enumerating various delicacies, "I always feed my men well. After these statements he usually obtained a goodly crew, although help was sometimes scarce.

In a couple of weeks, members of this camp would be seen straggling back towards home or hiring out to other lumbermen. On being asked the reason for this, their reply would be "I couldn't quite stand the fare, I like beans, but would like something to go with them, just for a change."

The rude, rough ways of the lumbermen were well known, as was also the fact that they were usually accompanied with a kind heart. Before I leave this subject I will relate one more anecdote of Bill Price. It has already found a place in the "Drawer" of Harper's Magazine, but that is no reason why it should not be repeated here.

Price was loading up a load of pork for the woods and swearing vigorously all the time at ministers, when one well-known to him happened along, and pausing, ventured mildly to remonstrate with him concerning his profanity.

"Look here," said Price, "I haven't time to talk with you, but," rolling off a good sized porker, "take that home, and we will call it even."

The minister was silenced for a moment. When he had time to recover himself he replied. "Thank you, Price, I think I can make sausage out of one hog, if I can't make a christian out of the other one."

REMINISCENCES.

The occasion of the silver wedding of D. A. Siye, and wife, of Waneka, Wis., calls forth the following reminiscences, which we give here by way of softening ruder and rougher scenes:—

About thirty years ago a young man left his home in Vermont, to seek his fortunes in the gold mines of California. He met with tolerable success, and being possessed of a generous, home-loving nature, he longed for some one to share his prosperity with him. Sickness, too, reminded him that "it is not good for man to be alone," so he returned home, intending to secure some tender, twining vine from the garden of his childhood, and transplant it to the summer regions of the Golden Gate. He was not long in fixing upon one of his old playmates, whose bright eyes and raven curls had often been in his thoughts while delving for the shining ore. But to persuade her to leave her quiet home and go with him to that land of lawless brigands was not so easy a task as he had anticipated.

Not quite willing to settle down among his native New England hills, nor to return to the gold diggings alone, as a sort of compromise he came out to Wisconsin, looking for a nice place to make a home. He spent a winter in the La Crosse Valley which was then becoming rapidly settled up, and in the spring being joined by his intended brother, they started up the old stage route to St. Paul.

The whole city of Eau Claire, with less than a dozen small wooden dwellings, was for sale at $1.25 per acre, but the soil was too sandy, for men who were looking for farms, and it looked worse and worse as they crossed the prairie, and they were almost ready to turn back, thinking they were getting beyond the far-famed West. They stopped at "Old Fowler's Hotel," on Mud Creek, for dinner, and found that an enterprising class of English people were just beginning there, and that there "was room for more," and at once they decided to settle there. One of them went back to the lumber regions and bought two yoke of oxen, while the other put up a rude shanty near the creek, and the rough fare of johnny-cake and milk, was sweetened by the sustaining thoughts of "the girl I left behind me," who, meanwhile, was as busy as a bee, with the preparations to join them in the autumn. Numerous big boxes were filled with comforts and luxuries for that ideal western home, and started off in advance, but they reached Prairie du Chein too late to get up the river that season.

The lady, and her father and mother, left Vermont early in the month of October, but when near Suspension Bridge, the old gentleman fell from the cars, and came near losing his life. He recovered, however, and after a delay of about two weeks, the party started on. Mails were rather slower then than now, and this news did not reach Dunn county, until after the returned Californian, having put up as nice a log house as the county afforded, had yoked up the cattle and started for Lake Pepin, where he expected to meet his future wife, as per arrangement. Imagine how, while lost in reveries of the future, those innocent oxen must have been hurried on out of their accustomed gait, lest they should fail to reach the lake in time. Imagine too, the anxiety, nay, the anguish of that brave young lover's heart as every day, for two mortal weeks, he passed the road from that hotel to the steamboat landing with a heart leaping with expectation, and then sinking with disappointment. At last, just as he was about to give up and return home, perhaps to write in his journal—"O, woman! false, as well as fair"—he met on his last walk to the landing, the cause of all these conflicting emotions.

[To be Continued.]